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THE

GREAT REFORMER FROM ENGLAND,

EXPLOSION OF THE WHIG PRINCIPLES,

BY THE

OVERTHROW OF THE SOPHISTS

AND THE

VILLANY OF THE FAR WEST,

IN AN

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF

CINCINNATI.

Mr. Wilmot emigrated from England, with his family, to the United States in 1837. Since then he has lost his wife and three sons, by abduction, in Indiana, by the Bravo of Twelve Mile Prairie, after four times attempting to murder the husband and father. Mr. W. is on his way to Washington City, to see the English Ambassador, and the President, and to learn if any thing can be done to recover his children, who accompanied their mother; and wanting the means to take him there, after an expenditure of near four years, requests the Ladies and Gentlemen of Cincinnati to assist him to reach that city of legislative wisdom and learning.

To play with wit, is to play with an edg'd tool,
In doing this once, Spencer play'd the fool.
Intellectual giants raise or sink mankind
And nations too—when to justice blind.
With pen and ink, I depict sorrow, as it flows
From the mind oppressed, by great Nature's woes—
To relieve mankind, I started into being;
Naught else I see—naught else is worth seeing
But the bounty of God to mankind below,
Abuse it not, nor add to human woe.
Enough for man to obey his Creator,
And humble himself to God, as his creature.

Cincinnati, 1841.

PREFACE.

To write a preface to a work, abounding with questionable pretensions to veracity, is difficult. It is neither romance, fiction, or a legendary tale; it is the offspring of the mind, produced in six hours, which will realise to the author 230 dollars, after the expences of printing are paid—hence the difficulty to sink the human mind, when sustained by honor and virtue; religion, piety and that inward sense of rectitude which passes all understanding; for it is an easy conscience—as regards crime—offending more from simplicity than design.

As Brutus pretended madness to overthrow Tarquin, I pretend to excentricity to overthrow the Sophists.

The danger of Sophistry is great, as is examplified by the following pages. It created a tumult in the mind which requires no apology, for he that endeavors to sink another, deserves to sink. That Mr. Oliver Spencer has some noble and redeeming good qualities, is not to be denied. So much of his character as is creditable, is worthy of himself and his country—the rest is as the shadows to the picture. The romance of real life is every day acted, either in tragedy, comedy or farce. As such I present this little effusion of a heated mind, to the learned world, to contemplate at their leisure, for I have no time to review or analise what I have written. It goes to press on the principle that he who knocks me down deserves the like favor.

That I have not overrated my estimation of injury—viz: 1,000 dollars, may be inferred, from the next work I intend to introduce to the public—it was written in a week and will produce me that sum. The detention of me at Cincinnati six months, was both unwise and unjust—to endeavor to sacrifice my property under the appearances of law, was a piece of finesse equal to the attributes of the evil one.

The printers at last consented to receive $50 instead of $94, thus reducing the demand to the first contract, instead of insisting on the second, obtained by fraud. The forfeiture of the third agreement proved they were not entitled to anything—nevertheless, vice begets its like, and Oliver Spencer played so artfully into their hands as to insure the compromise, and had to pay it in part, for he had placed it out of the author's power to do it, by transmitting it from the east.

One word more. Oliver Spencer is not gone to Washington City, as I was informed by his brother Samuel; again proving the danger of Sophistry,

For Sophistry is falsehood in disguise.
It is the bane of truth, it consists of lies.

The romantic part of Mr. Oliver Spencer's ideal adventures may be reconciled on the principles of Cervantes, who described his Don Quixote in particularly awkward situations, from having too much zeal in a bad cause; his Dulcinea Del Toboso being no other than an over attachment to the Whig interest. And I have unfortunately been their Sancho too long, and have received as much gratitude as that renowned governor did in the island of Barrataria.

To write fiction with truth is not always successful—it is excusable in a Romance writer, or picturer of ideas, who catches them as singing birds passing through the air, and encages them for the general amusement, either in song, or as talking birds. And as such I now talk to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, before I bid you a lasting adieu.

MR. WILMOT'S ADDRESS
TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF CINCNNATI.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—A very deservedly favorite of yours and mine is gone to Washington City, mounted on his favorite hobby horse, Sophistry, which is a description of beast somewhat resembling Balaam's ass, reproaching his master as he goes to pay his respects to General Harrison, as Presiden' of the United States.

That gentleman through mistake, or some other cause, I will not stop to enquire into, detained me six months at Cincinnati City, by his mistaken views of affairs; instead of promoting the settlement of them, and adjusting them by law or equity. The point of law being forfeited, equity should have been offered by him, and thus liberating me in September last, or October at latest, instead of which detained me at Cincinnati until the present time; and now has flown away, as his brother Samuel informs me, with the speed of steam to pay his court to the President, and receive his reward for persecuting a man of principle, who could not nor would not bend himself into a party man, shackled and restrained by Whig principles alone, independent of all other considerations.

If a man injures another to the extent of a thousand dollars, and pays fifty, to whom is the obligation due—him who receives recompense for the twentieth part of the injury inflicted, or him who inflicted it to twenty times its amount?—and this in defiance of all remonstrance whatever.

The hobby horse, Sophistry, is too well known in your courts of law, on the magistrate's bench, and unfortunately resorted to by the respectable character alluded to. Was it for the purpose of ingratiating himself with Col. Todd, General Harrison, or any other candidate for public favor, or to involve my affairs so that I should not be able to extricate myself, as to reach Washington City before himself and brother had secured their appointments? and if so it was a very unworthy motive and principle.

Gentlemen of the law, and especially judges of the law, as Mr. O. M. Spencer certainly is, should be above Sophistry, to delude or convict others because they may have superior merit to himself in some particulars.—Thus running away, after involving Mr. Wilmot in the difficulties of his creating, and violating the moral law, on the principle that Mr. W. was not a free mason, is beyond all things flagrant, and shews a preversity of mind, Mr. Wilmot did not expect to meet with in Cincinnati.

I am not wishing to be verbose—or to excite angry feelings, to any extent—but just take this opportunity to remind the gentlemen and ladies of Cincinnati, that England, from whom most of them descended, is a powerful country; and may, if insulted in her subjects, resent the injury, a thousand fold. I have been humbled and degraded by Sophistry—my chests broken open, my manuscripts exposed, and in part removed. And for what? to gratify the cupidity, and vengeance of a place hunting Whig, who thus thought he would make himself the more acceptable at court, if he destroyed the man whom he could not bend. This may be an ill natured view of the subject, but it bears this interpretation, in my mind—or why not have compromised with the printers, four months since, when

they lost the point of law? Then was the time to have advanced the point of equity—it was done by me, but rejected by the printers, because O. M. Spencer held the ticket of my chests in bondage, and would not give it up. Vain, conceited Judge! who thought he could overthrow principle, as easy as he did the understanding of Mr Hodges, whom he instructed to defend me, on the second contract, instead of on the third and last. If this was not villany and treason to the cause of his client, I do not know what is villany, and what is deceit. Had O. M. Spencer defended the cause, according to Judge Read's advice, I could not have lost the cause; and no compromise with rascality would have been necessary, and as the respectable Bishop Purcell remarked, "It was contrary to the moral law to compromise with injustice." No man had a greater esteem for O. M. Spencer than I had. But he has acted so imprudently and unwisely in this particular, as to deserve the severest animadversion; and I hope this address, to the ladies and gentlemen of Cincinnati, will have this good effect, in future, upon his life and conduct: that to commit injustice, is not tolerated in Heaven, although intended to benefit himself and brother on the Earth, under the auspices of General Harrison and company, who, perhaps, for his eminent services, to himself and party, will make him a Brigadier General in the next Canada war, and his brother his Aid-de-camp—thus providing for the Spencers, according to their wishes, and not according to their merits, as far as I am concerned in their disgraceful conduct towards myself.

O. M. Spencer might have avoided this exposure of his conduct to myself—giving the praise of flattery, and then undermining my fortunes, because I would not take the oath of free masonry, and keep a secret which might prove injurious to the public interest.

In this Utopian war with Canada, and conquest thereof, in which Generalissimo O. M. Spencer, is to shine so conspicuously, in his way to the Presidential Chair—after the appointment and terms of four years are expired to Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, and then O. M. Spencer, his brother Henry, and a succession of little Spencers, to the end of time. I state there is one stumbling block in the way, and what is that? the great Reformer from England, as he has been pleased to call me, in his introduction of my name to the Rev. Bishop Purcell. I do not arrogate any such pretension, but since I have been sirnamed the Great Reformer from England (and I print them in capital letters to strike the imagination and reasoning faculties the more effectually) I can prove my claim to some extent—but will condescend to prove it in this one alone, by the following counsel I give to my native country—for after saving England several millions, yearly, in tithes, and the same in poor rates, I now show her how she can retain the Canadas, in defiance of all America, united; and how she can settle the Boundary Question, in defiance of Maine, and the United States in co-operation with her. This is not done to prove my arrogance or presumption, but to prove the power of the pen over the sword, and the insignificance of O. M. Spencer, in his short-sightedness, when he has to compete with a mind superior and stronger than his own, and since he has dared me to the field of disputation. I now anathematise him, and all America, to dare to refuse granting the Boundary Question, or the right of

way, over Mar's Hill to Great Britain, on the peril of losing all America; and its becoming the conquered Provinces of the five ruling powers—which could be justified on the following principles, viz: when my system of government without taxes could be carried into effect; and thus unite and invite nine-tenths of the American population to join the standard of Great Britain and the allies: for what care they for General Harrison, or Van Buren either—they want those who will benefit them most, on the benevolent principle of God to man, and not to be governed on the pack-horse principle—for whether the weight is removed from one pack and placed on the other side of the pack-horse, it is still the pack-horse bears the weight, and every nation may be compared to this said pack-horse, as now constructed in this sublunary world. But shall it go on so? No! it must cease, as soon as God thinks proper to develope a superior system, and enforce it by the thousands of millions who will demand it to be carried into effect.

The boundary line, as it has been called, is all imaginary. It is no real line, but the line of convenience. As well may it be said that the sun's rays must go round by the Cape of Good Hope, before it reached the inhabitants of Cincinnati, or any imaginary line—say ten thousand miles—when one thousand in a straight line, would answer every purpose.

Now how does God Almighty, the Father of the universe, conduct his blessings?—not circuitously, but directly. Then imitate God Almighty's example to your fellow-men, and not as O. M. Spencer's mercies have been to me, far round and far-stretched, until they partake more of curses than of blessings, from being so long delayed.

Place yourselves in the situation of farmers—is a farmer to go ten miles round to a farm when one would suffice, or to go round the field, when simply going across it would answer the same purpose? The public right of way is often determined by going straight across the field, in spite of corn, or the farmer's remonstrances, instead of round it. And why? Because they have the power to do it; and what is confirmed by convenience is confirmed by justice. What, is all the world to be inconvenienced from the obstinacy of one man, or set of men? Give the value as any twelve men shall decide, then take possession, if not by act of parliament, or act of congress, by the act of force; for it is God's earth, and no man has a right to dispute about it but on equitable principles of kindness to his fellow man, and justice to the public interest. Thus a principle is established of pre-emption—taking that from the white savages which the white savages took from the Indian savages, under the pretence of purchase; or, in other words, by fraud and force, which governs nations and individuals, and is the system O. M. Spencer has evinced to me, under the pretence of justice to his party, without an equivalent—lest I might prevent, perhaps, General Harrison getting himself seated in the presidential chair, and O. M. Spencer be deprived of his appointment of Brigadier General, in the next Canada war—to be created purposely for his advancement and self-interest in the transaction.

I now give my reasons why the Boundary Question can no longer be continued—why Canada cannot be taken by the Americans—why the inhabitants of Cincinnati can no longer continue the injustice towards myself, of

preventing my reaching Washington city, in quick time, in order to bring out a work to enable me to recover my wife and children, or the children at least; with the return of their mother, if she wishes it, and the overthrow of the murderer of the forest who has possession of them; and which O. M. Spencer has prevented up to the present time, lest I should prevent the sale of his wild lands, as a land speculator, to the uninformed emigrant, who may be entering upon his destruction as effectually as if he entered a tiger,s den, or the haunts of banditti.

These three positions, namely, injustice to myself, if longer persevered in by the citizens of Cincinnati; the Boundary Question, if longer protracted; and the conquest of the Canadas, from Great Britain—as they only encourage dissention between God's children, who are equally entitled to his mercies and loving kindness; and not like hogs in a trough; who shall eat the most, but who shall most benefit the human race, for that is the intention of fattening the swinish multitude, and the emulation of man should be the same—who shall confer the greatest benefit. Both are God's creatures, to eat and be eaten in their turn.

Thus then, I advise no timid policy, as Captain Marryatt did, by attacking the coasts of America; but for all the monarchs of Europe to form a coalition, to subdue, conquer, and destroy America, in all that may be necessary to fix principles of humanity, towards the human race, upon an indisputable basis, and not upon the principles of the Jew and the Gentile, of which the inhabitants of America are formed; Jew as concerns Sophistry and chicanery; Gentile as using force, when fraud will not accomplish the same object. Thus then is the bold outline that the four powers, or five if necessary or convenient; shall invade America, from five different positions, namely; for England to lead the van, in the exercise of all the destructive implements of war; attacking and distracting America at five points at once; which will revenge my wrongs, by a retribution never to be forgotten. Secondly, settle the boundary question, at one decisive blow and forever. Thirdly, in the place of taking the Canadas from Great Britain, take all North America from the Americans; and grant them a system of government without any kind of taxes, in future, and such as I have explained to Judge Read of Cincinnati, and proved to him as practicable: and when I have accomplished all these things and many more; then call me great.

I only exert my influence, where necessary, and to protect individuals and countries from oppression. In thus endeavoring to benefit mankind, I have God's sanction. I fear no evil, for I am a stranger to fear in a good cause; that of preventing injustice to individuals or nations: or if persisted in, expect the following visitation from those mighty powers, who govern the earth, in the name of the great creator, promoting civilization to the extremity of the globe; and devastating those who abuse his holy name and commandments, under the appearance of justice, when it is only deceit, treachery and fraud, accompanied by force, as it has been attempted and proved in my own wrongs; which has roused my indignation, as a sleeping lion awoke from his trance, or transitory passiveness, to hurl the thunders of defiance from that mind, too strong to be subdued. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, assist my abdication from your city, or you may

expect the Divine Vengeance will overtake your "Queen of the West," and divest her of her ornamental spires, and minarets, those massive wooden pillars, to imitate stone; and those gorgeous temples, of the size of pepper boxes, in comparison of European grandeur. I say, forbear persecuting me longer, lest the allied powers inflict a crusade upon you. As Peter the Hermit influenced the conquest of the Holy Land, so may it be expected, I will preach against this immoral and unjust country; abusing the confidence of the stranger, who entrusted himself among you, from good report, which he now finds to be exaggerated; who have stolen his wife and children from him; who have deprived him of all his property, and with a sinister art, endeavored to obtain possession of his manuscripts and books, under the forms of law and a verdict surreptitiously obtained, by confounding the brains of the counsel; inducing him to plead on the wrong issue, instead of the right one, and then leave me to the tender mercies you have involved me in. Is this honorable, just, or merciful in O. M. Spencer? Inhabitants of Cincinnati, participate not in the same injustice, lest the divine vengeance overtake you, as it did Sodom and Gomorrah, as is related in holy writ.

On the supposition of injustice being longer continued to me, or to the human race, whose advocate I am, upon an extensive scale; I recommend that England forms a coalition with all the continental powers, and leads the van to attack Orleans and Cincinnati, and bombard them to the ground in the space of a few hours, as she did Bareuth St. Jean de Acre, and China; Washington city, the city of New York, and every other city in America: also land large armies, in five several points, nearest to the centre and vital existence of America; give the Americans a new system of government, upon the benevolent principle of God to man; (which work of mine will be shortly in the press;) but leave them their laws and constitution, so modified and improved as not to injure the foreigner again, under the pretence there was ten days for appeal, but fix no limited time for the detection of villany, sophistry, and where the judgments of inferior courts have been imposed upon. Ten days, nor a hundred days, is sufficiently long to detect deep deceit, and Machiavelian like tactics, in an experienced judge, or man of law, who may be induced to violate the principles of honor, justice and mercy, on the following pretences: that it is convenient to his party or himself, to suppress superior genius in its infancy, and strangle it in its birth; lest it might injure the party, and prevent the election to power, office and emolument; and by creating war, as is contemplated, by the conquest of the Canadas; ruin his country to aggrandize himself in the mighty struggle of contending nations. I forewarn you forbear, O. M. Spencer; Gen. Harrison and Daniel Webster, the same. Do you mean to become a second China? the wall of the sea will not protect you. You are but children in leading strings, in comparison of those of the old country, one of the humblest of whose sons now addresses you, in all the strength of Omnipotent power: for principles which are derived from the living God, none can subdue; they are invincible as truth itself, whose advocate I am, and am bound to defend them. Therefore, pause and tremble at my name, thus upheld and sanctioned by the living God of all mercies, who punishes the ignorance and the audacity of men who oppose the inspirations of

truth, as now but feebly made known to you; as a part of the consequences attending injustice, under the sanction of law and what you call the constitution of the United Ssates.

I remain, ladies and gentlemen, with every true feeling of respect, as regards my honor, and those humane feelings I am possessed of, in the service of the public, and my children, who I am endeavoring to recover before deep iniquity has got fast hold of them; for I am of the opinion that on the moral law is founded both religion and morals, and that he who deviates least is most worthy of being called a humane individual, and civilized being. ROBERT WILMOT.

Pike Street, Cincinnati, Feb. 21, 1841.

P. S. I do not more than intimate at the destruction of the shipping and commerce of America, of her being shut up in her own ports, of the confiscation of property, &c., of her being compelled to pay the army and navy that should invade her, as did the Emperor of China; the British forces for destroying their opium.

The success at Orleans, at the battle of the Thames and on the lakes, is no argument against retribution for injustice, either against individuals or nations. The only safeguard for the Americans is justice, in its laws and its transactions, for mercy is only due to those who show mercy; and as the law books show, he that expects equity, must grant it. Therefore, for the Americans to act the part of Jews, by trickery, by chicanery, or artifice, will not excuse them any more than it excuses O. M. Spencer, for his injustice to me, in betraying my cause; and but for Judge Read and other gentlemen, who I urged to save him from disgracing himself, myself, the city, the country, and the state, he would have sacrificed me, to his own ruin; and as another Cæsar Borgia, have precipitated events, which would not have been in his power to control. How far such a man can make an honest legislator, an upright judge, a judicious friend, or able counsellor, I leave to others to determine. It is not cleverness of mind that makes the great character, but uprightness of principle. Sophistry should meet with its overthrow, wherever it can be found; it is as the poisonous snake; should be crushed lest it injures human feelings and human principles of honor and virtue.

Had Oliver Spencer left $20 towards assisting my journey to Washington city, to consult with the English Ambassador and Gen. Harrison, on the best means of recovering my lost children; had the said Oliver Spencer, late Judge of the Cincinnati common pleas, informed me he was going to Washington; had he left a note or memorandum, recommending the Cincinnatians to raise a fund, adequate to that purpose, the present address to the ladies and gentlemen of Cincinnati, would never have seen the light. Had the Rev. Mr. Scheu, paid the five dollars he said he would subscribe; secondly, had he raised the five dollars he promised to do, to assist Oliver Spencer's subscription, to save the sale of my manuscripts and effects; the accumulation and reference to more than 55 years since, when I said my prayers, on my knees, to my lately deceased mother—had he not said or implied he had not more than enough to supply him with wine, as become a minister of God's church, who abhorred the flesh pots of Egypt,

but loved good living at Cincinnati, as well as any clergyman in the Methodist interest—and he not been afraid he should not have the gout so often as usual, I would have pitied his case, and not have mentioned him in these pages—for he is one list to give all to God and leave nothing for himself.

Had [illegible] Purcell—but I am forbear, for he is so good a man as to supply two hundred Irish Catholics with food—tea, sugar and other condiments. But in view of the transaction was just; and the general says, that Oliver Spencer, aforesaid, should, if he had been a true man to his own interest, as well as to those he had injured, would have prevented the necessity of any appeal to any but himself. Not having attended to the equity of this business, I, in my own defence, am obliged to arraign him before the public tribunal, to answer and defend himself as he may think proper. Truth is truth, however unpalatable to be informed of; and although I do not accuse Oliver Spencer of direct fraud, upon my time and circumstances, yet indirectly he is accused by me of both of those overwhelming features, in my history of this affair—conducting himself not in proportion to the injury committed, but simply as an individual, who in no way whatever accelerated the wheels of fortune, to crush me, and the likelihood of ever recovering my children again; by a parsimony so long delayed as to appear more like a gift of benevolence, than as a compensation for injury received. Lest the world may think I have overcharged this picture, I am willing to submit my conduct and his to a jury of twelve gentlemen, with Judge Read at the head, to decide if I am not stating the truth; and if Oliver Spencer's conduct towards myself has been justifiable, either as a politician, a judge in law, or equity, as a sound lawyer, or in his character of high priest and principal divine of the honorable society of free masons. That he is a good man there can be no doubt, but with certain qualified limitations of goodness—good in degree of benevolence, which forces on me a defence; for either he or I must go down in public estimation. It is not fair to sink me, while I have been endeavoring to float himself and brother into employments, useful to the public. Hence, the want of gratitude rests with himself, rather than with myself. If he will give wrong hopes and expectations—if he will not know the Whigs are more influenced by the eyes of sight than the eyes of the mind, it is no fault of mine, but his.

Having assisted to get me into the difficulty, the least he could have done, was to have helped me out; instead of which he mounted his hobby horse, false honor, which proved as reproachful as Balaam's ass: and will reproach him to the day of his death. But if, like Balaam, he mends his way, this practical lesson in politics, may prove useful to him, as long as he lives. Now, then, for charity after justification, which is to wish him every success, and less pusilanimity in doing that which is right—for when law and equity are both satisfied, as a judge, he ought to have known that Heaven expects no more. His mercy was ill timed, and to the wrong individuals instead of the right one—hence all the difficulty to reconcile contradictions, and hence the failure of all the honest efforts of Gen. Hodges in my favor, from having started on the wrong side of the post, which no whip or spur could ever make right, and this by the instructions of Oli-

ver Spencer; corrupting my advocate and refusing to plead himself, or be the witness he proposed to be, and would be: hence the Shoe Maker Magistrate, for want of knowing better, decided wrong—agreeable to the constitution of the United States—and the Shoe Maker Constable, broke open the chests, exposed the manuscripts, although repeatedly cautioned: They were of considerable value to the author, as memoranda and data, of incidents, useful to the public, in the investigation of principles, and which can never be replaced.

Had such barbarism and savage manners occurred in Otaheity, instead of in Cincinnati, where canibals used to eat human flesh, as the Cincinnatians eat turkeys, well stuffed and dressed; but for Oliver Spencer, thus to lend his services to the spoliation and destruction of a literary man, or man of letters, establishes him as a barbarian of the West—or that he had the design of possessing that information obtained by others, which he was doubtful if he should ever possess, unless by the surreptitious use of the powerful arm of the law. Such feats of corrupt motives have been practiced in England, but now passed away; and I hope never again to be repeated in America.

Any person having any part of the manuscripts, after an exposure of nine days to the public view, will, I hope, return them, as they are links in the chain of reasoning, which should not, or ought not, to have been interrupted—for of what use is the longest life, if not to make men both happier and better, and ladies improve, in the solid precepts of the commandments?

There is a rumor of America going to war with England, which I hope is not well founded—for if England had destroyed one thousand slave vessels, instead of twenty, as is reported, it was in the cause of humanity; and that principle justifies the condemnation and confiscation.

America, bite your fingers to the bone, before you declare war with England, your best friend and benefactor. You have already deprived your mother of nearly all her estate, and now want to turn her out of house and home, by shutting the door against her, through the inclemency of the winter months—when the hard frosts stop the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and they can have no communication with Canada, but over Mar's Hill, from Halifax. Pause, before you commit so great an injustice. What, shut your own mother out of her house, during the most inclement season of the year? It is contrary to natural justice and mercy—neither can you prevent it; and I forewarn you, before she calls to her assistance, the continental powers, to protect her rights—to chastise and assist to punish her rebellious children. What you cannot do in private life with impunity, neither can you in public, as a nation—because it has no principle in honesty or natural justice, and is consequently contrary to the law of nations, which upholds humanity in its rights, and bids defiance to the aspiring grasp of would be enslavers of the American continent.

Tremble at my name, ye would be triumvirate! lest I dissolve the compact, and prevent your succession to the presidential chair, in rotation.—I have the power, and may exercise the will, by proving the inconsistency of the present government, if you compel me to resort to it. For your

own sakes, and for your country's sake, forbear in time, and take warning, that there is an overruling Providence among you, that can turn the scale, by throwing his weight into it—and that by the divine command, which none dare to disobey.

Farewell, until you hear from me again, either in commendatory praise, or rebuke, as principle or the want of it demands.

Reproach of the Ghosts of Seven Dead Horses, Burnt to death on the evening of the 25th of February, 1841.

Ye Cincinnatians, citizens and cits.—you preach temperence in the churches, to human beings, but we who have been always temperate, have no care or anxiety bestowed upon us. Neither the Rev. Mr. Sehon or Mr. Johnson endeavored to excite the principles of humanity, in our favor; and but for a friend from a far country, you would still remain the same kind of savage Hottentots, as you were in the early days of your boasted land of freedom—free to work and to be burnt to death, as a reward for our industry, toil and labor, to make yourselves, wives and children, comfortable, through the longest winter and the coldest nights; for we have drawn such piles and loads of wood and coal to all parts of the city—and then burn us to death, because we cannot represent our wrongs!

Had we understandings from intellectual endowments, you dare not have served us so. Dead horses tell no tales; but we, the ghosts have appeared to a human being, who describes our woes, sufferings and distress, which no pen can justly represent. Had we reason, to assist our escape, then, stables built of wood, might have been tolerated; but as wanting reason, brick or stone buildings only, should be used, and convert all wooden buildings into tenements for the poor, that they may make their escape from so dreadful a death, by the first alarm of fire. Preach no more temperence in your churches, while ye are yourselves intemperate, regardless of our feelings, our groans, our anguish and our death. Why make poor horses martyrs to your ignorance and your bratality—are ye a nation of savages, that devour roasted horse flesh, and that roasted alone for your sport, or for your parsimony? No warning seems sufficient to protect us from carelessness and design—a turned off servant or an angry tradesman may wreak their vengeance upon us unoffending animals—are we to have the rebuke and vengeance instead of yourselves? whereas, were we enclosed within four high walls, no desperate ruffian could destroy us; but in wooden buildings, it is our funeral pile—erected for our destruction.

Teach horses Christianity, for they have hearts as well as human beings, but no soul, unfortunately, more than the stupid cits, our masters, who have lived on our earnings, and this to gluttony and all the abominations of the flesh. Sympathise with us, all ye cattle, exposed to the same dangers, for your times may come, before the friendly pole-axe puts an end to your sufferings—and ye swinish multitude, was your pens on fire, you would rush outward with a grunt, or leap the fence—while we although the pride and able assistants of mankind, are doomed to death for, the very usefulness we bestow—earning not only our own food, but that of idlers and citizens, more celebrated at city feasts, than for preserving from

conflagration, the dwellings we lived in; but are now, alas, and forever dead to all the enjoyments of life, by a miserable death. Was as many citizens burnt to death, other citizens would take warning, and build brick dwellings, to reside in—but horse flesh is considered less valuable, than that of brutal citizens, who cannot think, or do not think, or if they do, care for their dollars and not for us. Continue not besotted in that sin which has long been your reproach. Week after week, month after month, and year after, year horses are burnt to death, and ye regard it not; neither would you, if one of the dead Horses was to come to life to reproach you. Therefore, heed the Great English Reformer of abuses, lest he again reproaches you with a severer castigation, and burns your consciences, as you have our bowels and inward viscera, till they burnt. See our prostrate remains, scorched to cinders—roasted alive! Even the Hottentots might envy the repast, prepared for them with the greatest bounty, by our pudding-headed, brainless dolts, and idiots, called citizens of Cincinnati—living in a Christian community, and yet lost to every feeling of humanity, as connected with the brute creation.

To roast in the flames of hell is the emblem of the Almighty's wrath, to the guilty consciences of men. When will you awake, you vain and conceited blockheads? Barbers blocks have more reflection, and are less guilty than you are, for they are not made to reflect. But you abuse the benevolent principles of the Almighty, who has said, use my creatures, but do not abuse them, by ignorance or neglect. The poor horses love their stalls, as their homes—they contained the manger in which they fed, the rack from which they pulled the hay, the bed in which they lay, to rest their wearied limbs at night—their conversation room, their club room, their church, their methodistical neighings for God's mercies and protection, and the blessings of the night season. They required no liquid fire to comfort their souls before they went to rest; eye openers in the morning, phlegm cutters and stomach warmers before breakfast, as drunkards. But a secure brick building, free from conflagration and disease. Their home was home, if ever so homely, even unto death; and they refused to quit it, till life was extinct in the flames of hell, and died like saints and martyrs from the effects of man's ignorance, imbecility and vice. The loss in dollars was small, in comparison of the poor creature's sufferings, had their value been ten times the amount; their sufferings was more than one hundred times their value, and should have been regarded as such, and preventive taking place. Mrs. Trollop's battlements was illuminated by the conflagration, and the Mechanics' Institute may now be considered as the mausoleum to their remains.

L'Hommedieu, from the angry feelings he has created at the late office, in turning off his journeymen, should insure every thing he has—and Judge Wright may find himself in the wrong box. The poor in England would have been starved to death, had it not been for the incendiary, who brought up wages from the minimum to the maximum. The same is occurring in this country—it is their only defence against the [illegible] inhumanity. Was Longworth or Judge Burnett [illegible] works? If so, I have never heard of [illegible] are celebrated for the contrary. [illegible]

my "celebrated pamphlet on the Whig Cause," and did not pay for one—also, indirectly ordered eight hundred or a thousand for the convention at Dayton, the [illegible] for Chillicothe. Did they pay for any? Not one! Is this [illegible] as you would be done unto?" It shewed to the world, t[illegible] men; and may God defend the public treasure from [illegible]—as has been, and is now conveyed for political purposes. [illegible] government papers in the Harrison interest—and were all [illegible] raised to promote injustice and oppression, a[illegible] by myself, because I was impartial—exposed the folly of Col. Todd, and [illegible] of Moses Dawson?

Col. Todd still [illegible] "republican" paper, which is to be supported by treasury money, derived from the pockets of the people—and [illegible] paper the same. It is this that makes them daring, and outrage [illegible]—villains in degrees of infamy—including Gen. Harrison, for [illegible] the fraud upon the stranger and the foreigner, before he became [illegible] with their tricks. It is impossible that the whigs, generally, can sanction such depredation upon an individual—or if so, they are [illegible] and we have elected frail humanity to take care of the public treasure, instead of honest men.

Now for journeymen printers. They, like the chimney sweeps in London, have grown too large for their master's pockets, as chimney sweepers, when full grown, are too big for the chimneys. As soon as they grow up to man's estate, have no estate left. The adage, that "he who has a trade hath an estate," no longer applies. The one no longer sweeps the chimneys nor the other his master's pockets—but climbing boys do the work of the [illegible], while journeymen printers, and sweeps, like dark angels, must "lead a new life, have a lively faith in God's mercies, through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and be in charity with all men."—Very comfortable doctrine for the fat L'Hommedieu, and others of that stamp. [illegible] is his brother, as one of the Whig Committee, that deserves the censure of the Reformer; and thus to be held up to public scorn [illegible] stamp, as one of the swindlers of Cincinnati—the male Queen of the [illegible] or Cincinnatus was a Roman General, and not a Cinderella h——h, covered with cinders and ashes, and all kinds of impurities, in her lanes, alleys, [illegible] corners, for the purposes of Cloacina—without paper for fundamental [illegible], which proves them savages.

And now a few [illegible] M'Leod, who I hear is condemned by the New York State. [illegible] a Scotchman, I feel for him, as being in part a countryman. But [illegible] folly, madness, or intentional design—if of folly, he deserves [illegible] if he is mad, the same. But if from design to [illegible] hostilities on the part of the British government, then pause before you hang him; for it will surely bring on hostilities or reprisals. The Americans, with all their good feelings, have too much vanity, and like a plethoric person, would be relieved by the lancet, in the one case, and [illegible]

[illegible] Niagara falls, was made use of for [illegible] and confiscated to destruction. [illegible] there can be no doubt; but if under [illegible] British government, it comes under the cognizance of Congress, and not of New York State.

In his private character, he is amenable to New York State, in his public one, acting from authority, he is a soldier or sailor of fortune, and amenable only to the law of nations.

That New York State is greatly incensed, signifies little. The question is, if the ship's company had a right to convey ammunition, arms and malcontents, to a neutral island, on the Niagara river; I think not. As a privateer, she would be liable to be destroyed--as a pirate, still more so--as a clandestine enemy, the same.

Either America made an oversight, in suffering Great Britain to have the Canadas, or she was unequal to take possession of them; the same by Louisiana and Florida, obtained by purchase. Either grant the right of way, with a good grace, or purchase the Canadas from the British government.

In all that I have said, it will be perceived that humanity is the basis of my reasoning, and that first principles are the truest tests of humanity.

In this light, the friendly counsel and wisdom, contained in this small work, may be considered of inestimable advantage, if followed; but if not, will meet with its own punishment.

In my pamphlet in favor of Gen. Harrison, no man could have exerted himself more freely and feelingly. It was, and is, the most potent pamphlet written during the contest. I still think the whig principles the best, as contained in that pamphlet. But how have the proprietors of the whig press treated me? (L'Hommedieu, etc.) such as cannot be justified. What has any individual to do with the whig cause? General Harrison represented the whig interest—he was deservedly praised; or if undeservedly, it was unknown to me, at that time.

He may be a great personage, and is, if acting according to principles. But if following the principles of Col. Todd and L'Hommedieu, he is a most self-important, unprincipled pretender to the presidential chair, and not the upright professor of justice, he always pretended to be, and for which I entered heartily into his cause, and now have reason to repent, from the injustice that has been done to me.

To prove the inutility of small things by great ones, view the conduct of the editor of the Republican newspaper, still playing at bopeep, at Washington, as he did at Cincinnati, when actively engaged as the partisan of that paper; and as chairman of the secret committee, conducting General Harrison to the presidentail chair, as a child in leading strings. The same by L'Hommedieu, proprietor of the Gazette newspaper, who played second fiddle to Col. Todd's bazoon; and Wiseman, the shoe maker, as master of the band, beating the tattoo on his lapstone, to the music, as symphony. This is ridiculous. But the more grave charge against these gentlemen is dishonesty, in not paying for the fifty copies, ordered by them, and the two thousand recommended to be printed for Dayton and Chillicothe. Poor devils, they have no spirit of honor left; and without honor, how are they to benefit the public interest, any more than they benefitted the individual alluded to. Besides, as partisan papers, they should always be looked upon with suspicion, as much so as the great wall that surrounds Paris, inclosing the citizens, like rats in a trap; in obedience to the command of military despotism. It certainly defends them from the annoyance of

other rats, like themselves, but in the mean time they are inclosed and can't get out, before knocked on the head by cannon balls, from the batteries that surround the circumvallation; as the two newspapers alluded to, are intended to tire their batteries upon the millions of the far west, to make them all tributary slaves and payers of taxes, for the editorial editions of their Republican and Gazette's immoral principles; for no morality can proceed from immoral sources.

Was I to become an editor of a newspaper, either in the old or new world, my motto would be,

Intellectual giants raise or sink mankind,
And nations too, when to justice blind.

That I shall not have the honor to be an honest one, distinct from either party, is plain, as it is prophecied I am not to live three days after the present publication makes its appearance; and if so, the chief magistrate of the city of Cincinnati, namely, the mayor and his privy council are alone answerable, for not providing me with a Pegarsus, to make my escape with, before that dreadful catastrophe befals me, and thus become amenable to all Europe for my destruction, and violating the hospitality the far west is said to abound with, particularly to foreigners. It was the fame of this hospitable country which induced me to come among you, and I hope, with their leave, to depart without the visitation I am so potently threatened with.

All badinage aside; I must close My limits are like the boundary line, have extended more than fifty years; and I hope all the good advice I have given the Americans will not be thrown away upon them; but will take the hint not to be too vain from previous successes. Witness the fate of Napoleon! And your General Harrison would be overwhelmed, as by an influx from the sea, covering the land.

To be true to yourselves you must be just to others. Petty tricks, craft and cunning, are as unworthy of individuals, as they are of nations..

Your friend and well wisher in every good cause.

ROBERT WILMOT.

TO THE CITY COUNCIL OF CINCINNATI.

Great public wrong, is no private affair,
To the City Council I now direct my prayer,
To avert the storm that threatens them with doom,
Before cannon balls reach their Council Room.
Justice and mercy are due to the stranger,
As to horses that feed from rack and manger.
Therefore, beware!—instantly redress my wrongs,
Before I exhibit you—in prose and song.
Three days (no longer) I grant you as a truce;
Redress my wrongs, ere I retaliate the abuse
Of power, ill placed, in despotic hands.
What is it but the torch and the fire brand,
To engulph your city with the tragic ruins?
Relent, repent, do not my prayer refuse,

Lest I condemn you to a public shame,
And stamp upon you an inglorious name.
In conspiracy, the pen is better than the sword;
Return good for evil is God's mighty word.
Redress my wrongs, before I leave your city,
At least in part, before I excite the pity
And angry feelings of European kings,
Whose bayonets are as human wasps with stings.
Divine Providence governs both men and things;
I do but counsel, before I expand my wings
And fly from hence, as a city with the plague;
Let me not say you're infected with party rage.
Redress my wrongs, before it is too late;
In doing this, you fortunately escape
The threaten'd doom, that on your city wait,
As another Troy, to meet great Carthage's fate:
Lest I—Agamemnons and Scipios invoke;
The word once passed can never be revoked.
Seal not your doom, by evincing most unjust.
Learn Wisdom's rules and do not me distrust.
As another Regulus, I dare you to your teeth,
And dare your violence when next again we meet.
Three days, it is said, is the longest of my life;
Then be it so, thus will I end the strife,
Ere virtuous principles I will resign,
And call rascality and villany mine.
Is this the age when wisdom is a bond—
When learning must not great ignorance befriend?
It is! But never yield one virtue unto vice,
But dare the devils, printers and their device.
Grant them honest, it is a odd way to shew it,
I thought them rogues, but now I know it.
Still, to be frail is of the doom of men,
And charity proves that they should be forgiven.
To avert the storm, I again appeal to you,
Prove you have wisdom, and prudence bring to view;
Your axioms are just; or should be, as of yore,
Your country's new, not reaching yet three score.
Add wisdom to learning—derive it from pulpit men—
I've heard it in St. Paul's, Fourth-street, without Amen!

I remain, gentlemen, yours, devotedly,

March 1st, 1841. R. WILMOT.

☞ For *six* hours, in preface, read *ten*, as the pamphlet has received addenda. Homer sang his poems through Greece—Oliver Goldsmith played upon his flute through France, to pay his travelling expenses—Marmontel disputed his way at every learned College, on his journey, until he reached Paris—and I am compelled to write satires on the Far West, to defray my expenses to Washington City, in North America, after having assisted to elevate General Harrison to the Presidential Chair. *"O tempora, O mores!"*

39 W

WERT BOOKBINDING
JAN 19[illegible]
Grantville, PA